

# My Rejected Billionaire Luna Wife

## Chapter Two: A Fractured Bond

Amelia grabbed for the bowl, silver knife in hand, ready to slice her skin yet again for Gabriel's precious Sophia. She hated this ritual with every fiber of her being. It was bad enough that she had to feed her blood to someone, but the fact that it was Sophia made it ten times worse.

This is the last time, Amelia thought to herself. She flinched. Beside her, Gabriel was perched on Sophia's bedside, wiping her forehead with a cool cloth.

"I was worried you wouldn't come in time," Gabriel said, casting Amelia a scowl. Amelia knew that he had an obligation to protect her but it didn't make the ritual feeding any less painful - both physically and emotionally.

Such kindness and compassion! He had never shown her such kindness. Of course she felt jealous! How could she not? She watched him wipe her forehead. This is how he was supposed to treat her – his Luna. But instead, he was playing nurse to her. She couldn't let Gabriel see her jealousy, though, so she swallowed it down and remained calm.

With a steady hand, Amelia took a deep breath and cut her arm. She waited as the crimson droplets fell into the bowl. The pain seared through her, mirroring the ache in her heart. Her wolf's healing abilities were supposed to close the wound quickly, but to her surprise, it was unusually slow. Why wasn't her wolf healing her? It had been the same at the last feeding. And the one before that.

Was something wrong with her wolf?

Her wolf is strong, one of the strongest in the pack. This cut should already be closed.

The bowl was full of thick blood. Amelia looked at her cut. The cut was closing, but at a snail's pace. Amelia rose to bring the bowl of blood to Sophia, but when she stood, she felt a little dizzy.

"Amelia, are you all right?" Gabriel asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I feel weak."

"Nonsense," he snapped back. "Your wolf will heal you. Now hurry up. Unlike you, Sophia doesn't have her wolf. She's getting weaker by the minute."

"I feel faint, Gabriel," Sophia sighed, clinging onto Gabriel's arm.

"There, there," he soothed. "The blood bowl is full. You can feast soon." Gabriel helped Sophia into a sitting position so she could receive the bowl.

The sight made Amelia sick to her very wolf core.

She had asked him during their mind link to please break their mate bond. It taken her a lot of courage to ask and he had merely dismissed her request. He had scoffed at her. But now that they were face to face, she decided to try again.

"Gabriel, please, reject me. I can't bear this any longer. I told you in our mind link that I want this mate bond broken."

Gabriel's annoyance flared. He remained unmoved by her pain and pleas. "I would think twice about that if I were you, Amelia. Rejection is shame for werewolves. Do you really want to be shamed? Why? I understand that you're frustrated, but this isn't the way."

The tension in the room escalated. Sophia, ever passive-aggressive, decided to chime in. With a condescending tone, she taunted Amelia, pretending to offer sympathy while striking at her pride.

"Perhaps some of this is my fault," she said, looking coyly at Gabriel and batting her eyes. "I never meant to burden a powerful Luna like you, dear," Sophia sneered, turning to Amelia. "We shouldn't be bothering you with laundry. I'm sure you have much better things to do. You're not a maid, after all." Sophia tried to laugh naturally but it sounded forced. Amelia noticed that Gabriel was falling for her fake words, though. Every. Last. One of them. Sophia continued.

"You know, dear, perhaps it's best if Gabriel moves all his belongings into my bedroom. I've been so unwell lately. I need constant care and Gabriel has been so kind to look after me. But since he's been spending so much time at my house, it makes more sense for him to have his stuff there. Don't you think? That way, you won't have to bother yourself with these trivial little tasks

like laundry. I'd be MORE than happy to wash his clothes for him." Sophia looked directly at Amelia. "Or take care of him in other ways..."

Amelia's patience snapped. She lunged at Sophia in a blind rage, ready to deliver a resounding slap. But Gabriel intercepted her, his protective instincts kicking in. He pushed Amelia back forcefully. She flew to the floor, knocking over the blood bowl as she fell. She looked at Gabriel, astonished. How dare he? How dare he shove her like that? And in front of Sophia? This was the last straw. She wanted out of this damn mate bond, and she wanted out NOW.

She tried to get up but cut her hand on a piece of broken bowl.

The pain seared through her hand and Amelia locked eyes with Sophia. The sinister smile on Sophia's face only confirmed Amelia's suspicions – she couldn't wait to get Gabriel into her bedroom. Or maybe she already had.

Sophia wouldn't be the first she-wolf that Gabriel had gone to bed with behind her back.

Amelia wanted to vomit. They both made her sick. So she tried again to sever her ties to Gabriel. "Gabriel, I demand once more, reject me. Let me leave this pack." She tried to appeal to his reason. "You don't want me here. I'm only in the way. I'm not the Luna you thought I was. Move on. Pick a different Luna."

Gabriel's expression darkened. "Rejection is not a decision to be taken lightly, Amelia. If I reject you, you will have to leave our pack. You're a rogue. Where will you go?"

Home, Amelia thought. But she didn't tell him that. Instead she said: "What does it matter to you where I go? I won't be your concern anymore."

"Are you absolutely sure you want to do this?" Gabriel repeated.

Sophia chimed in, her tone filled with smugness. "I will be sad to see you go. SO sad. But we have achieved great success in human society. I can compensate you for your feedings, dear Amelia. Five million?"

Amelia was taken aback. She didn't want their money. She had no use for it. She just wanted to be released.

"Is that what you want? Money? Have I not given you enough?" Gabriel asked. His face was firm with not a trace of emotion. Of course that wasn't what she wanted. She wanted a mate who loved her, who cared for her. She shook her head dismissively. Why could he not understand this?

"I don't want your money. I just want to be released. Please. I can't bear this anymore. Break our bond."

Gabriel sighed a deep sigh. Then he looked her square in the eyes.

"Then I reject you, Amelia Moonstone."

In a matter of seconds, a profound agony gripped Amelia. She could feel the mate bond breaking, shattering, tearing apart the connection that had once held her and Gabriel together. The pain radiated through her, but she didn't let it show on her face. She would NOT let him see her suffer, not ever again.

Amelia looked into Gabriel's eyes one last time, hoping to see a flicker of regret or remorse. But all she saw was indignation. Asshole. "Consider our bond severed, Gabriel. Once this feeding is done, so are we."

Amelia turned her attention back to the bowl. A promise was a promise and Sophia needed to be fed. But this would be the last time. She began to pick up the pieces of the broken bowl. She couldn't help but notice Sophia sitting proudly on the bed, a smile spread across her face, as though she had just won the lottery.

Smug bitch, Amelia thought to herself. He's no lottery, that one. You can have him. He's not worth his weight in fur.